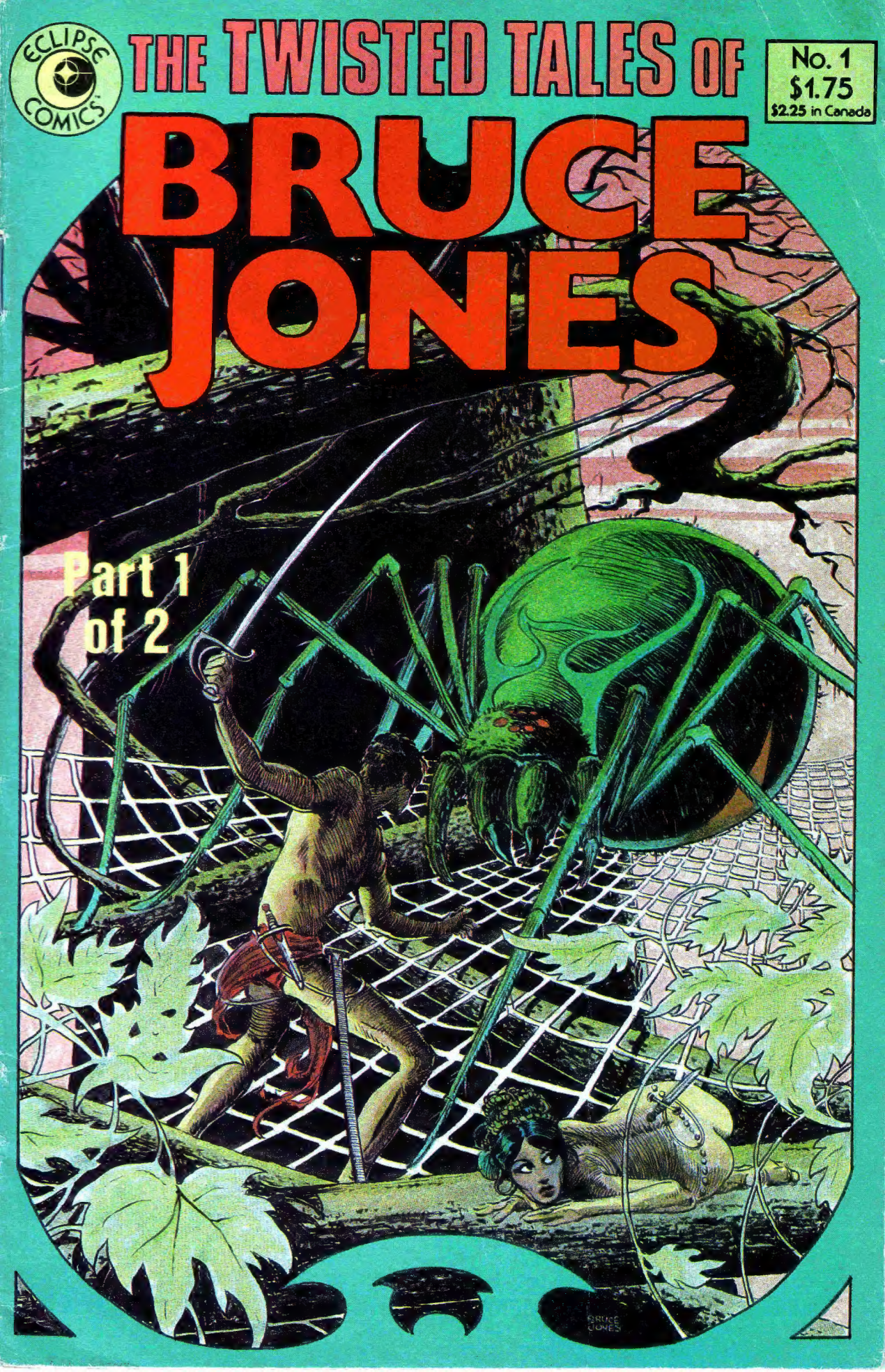
ECLIPSE COMICS
THE TWISTED TALES OF
BRUCE JONES
No. 1
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$2.25 in Canada
Part 1 of 2
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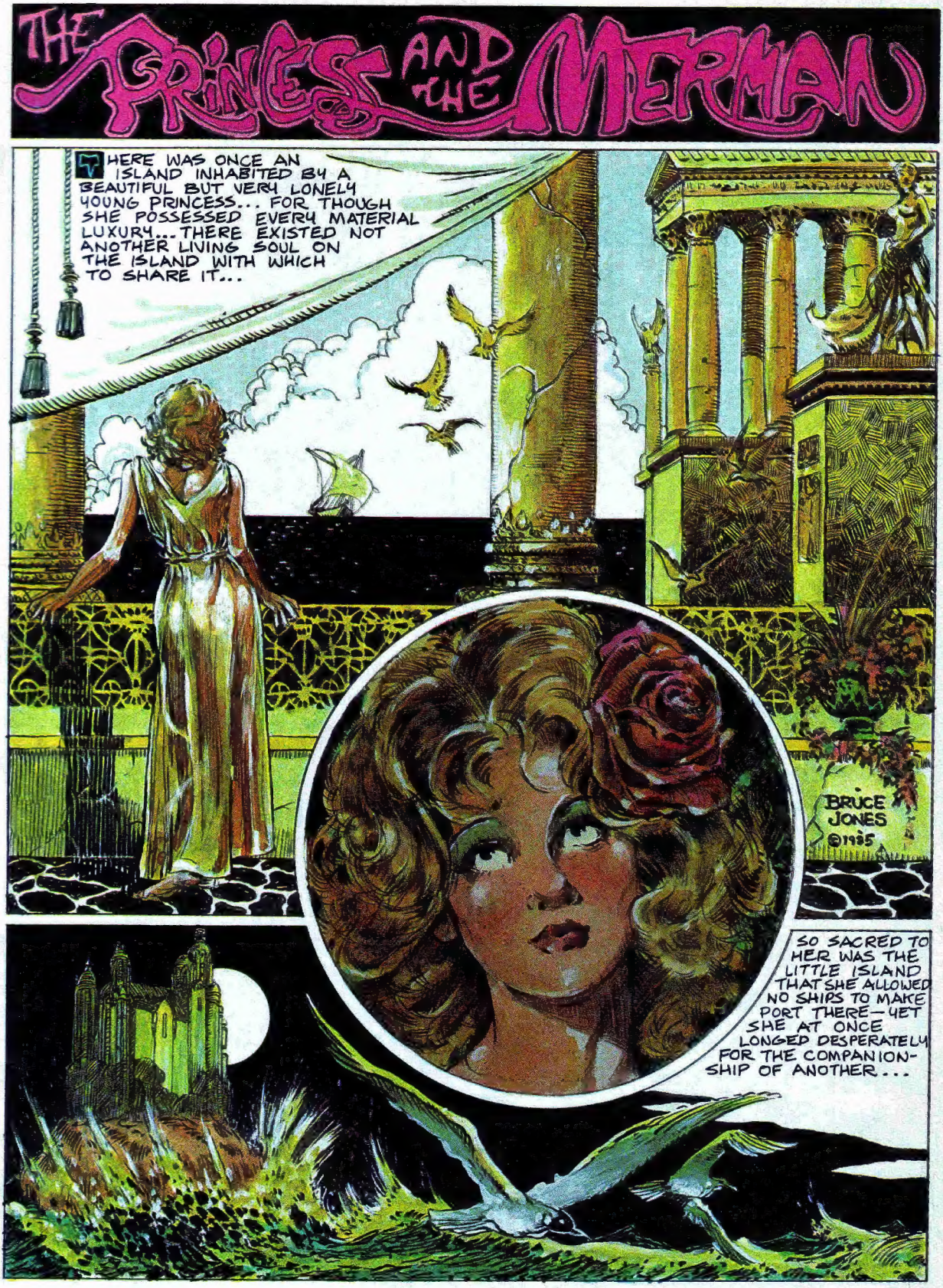
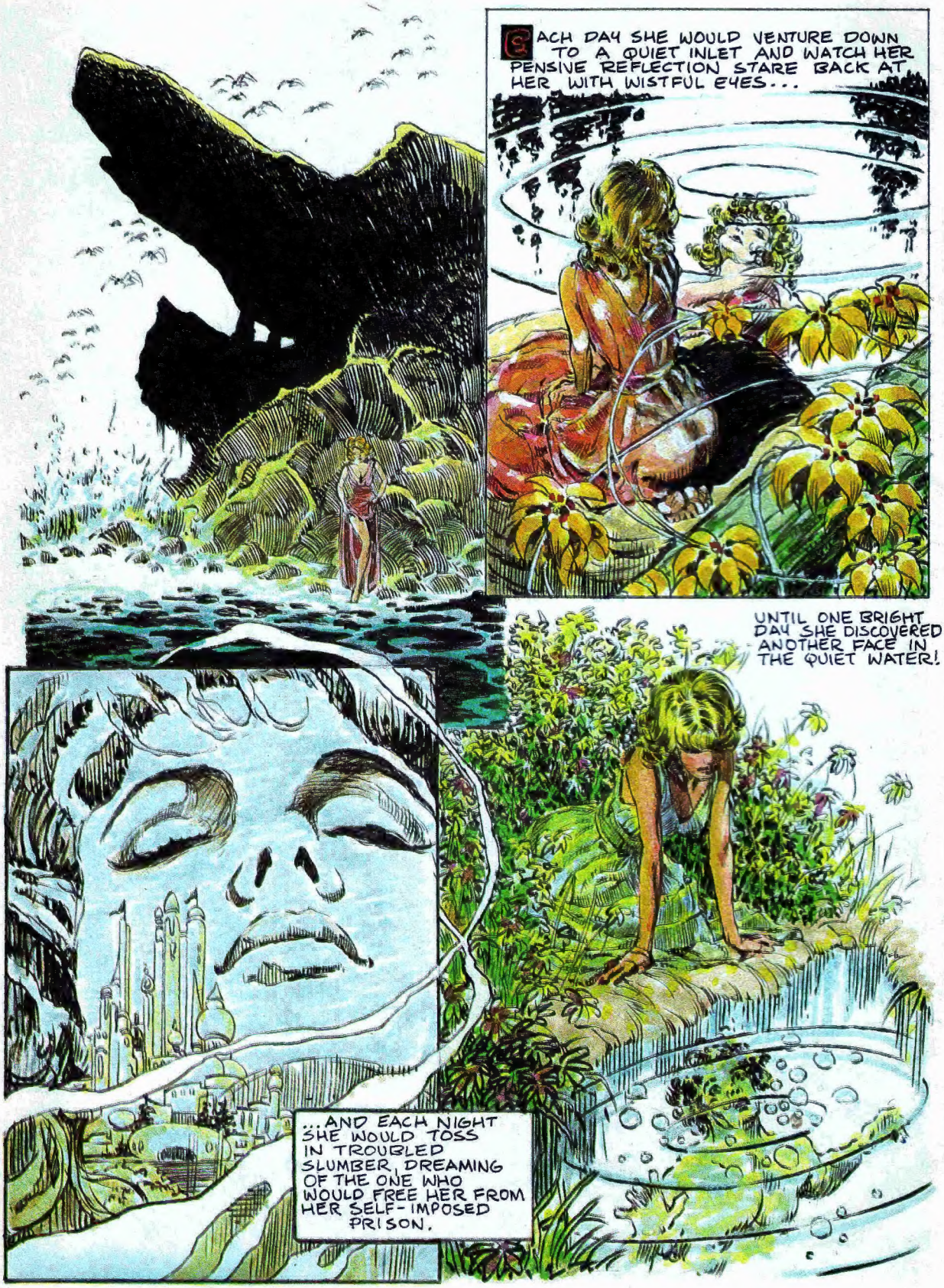
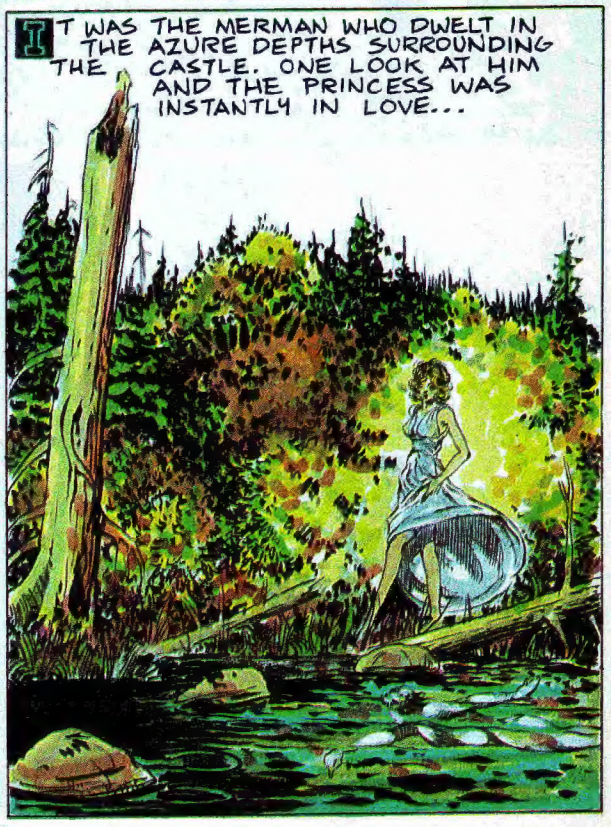
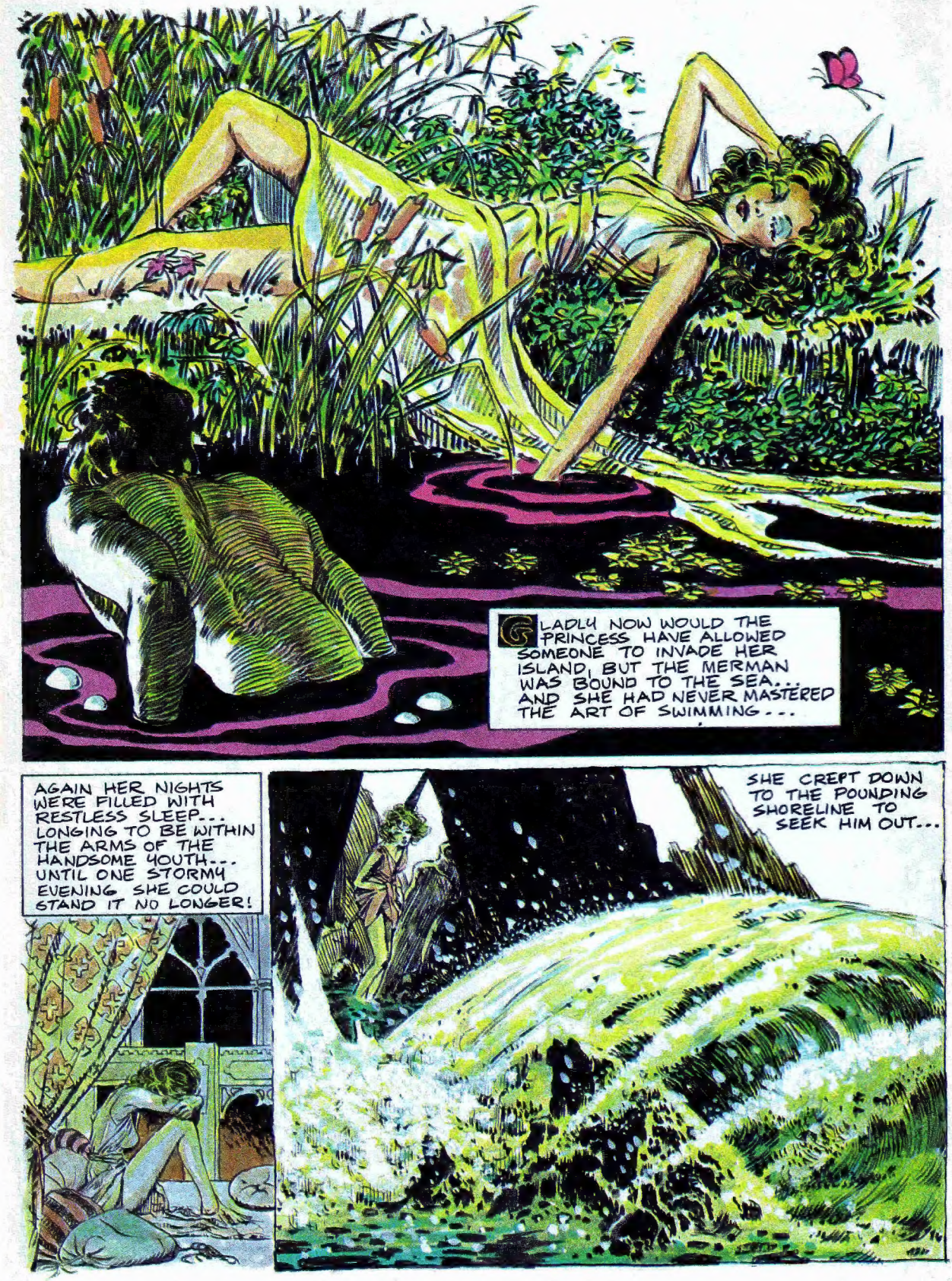
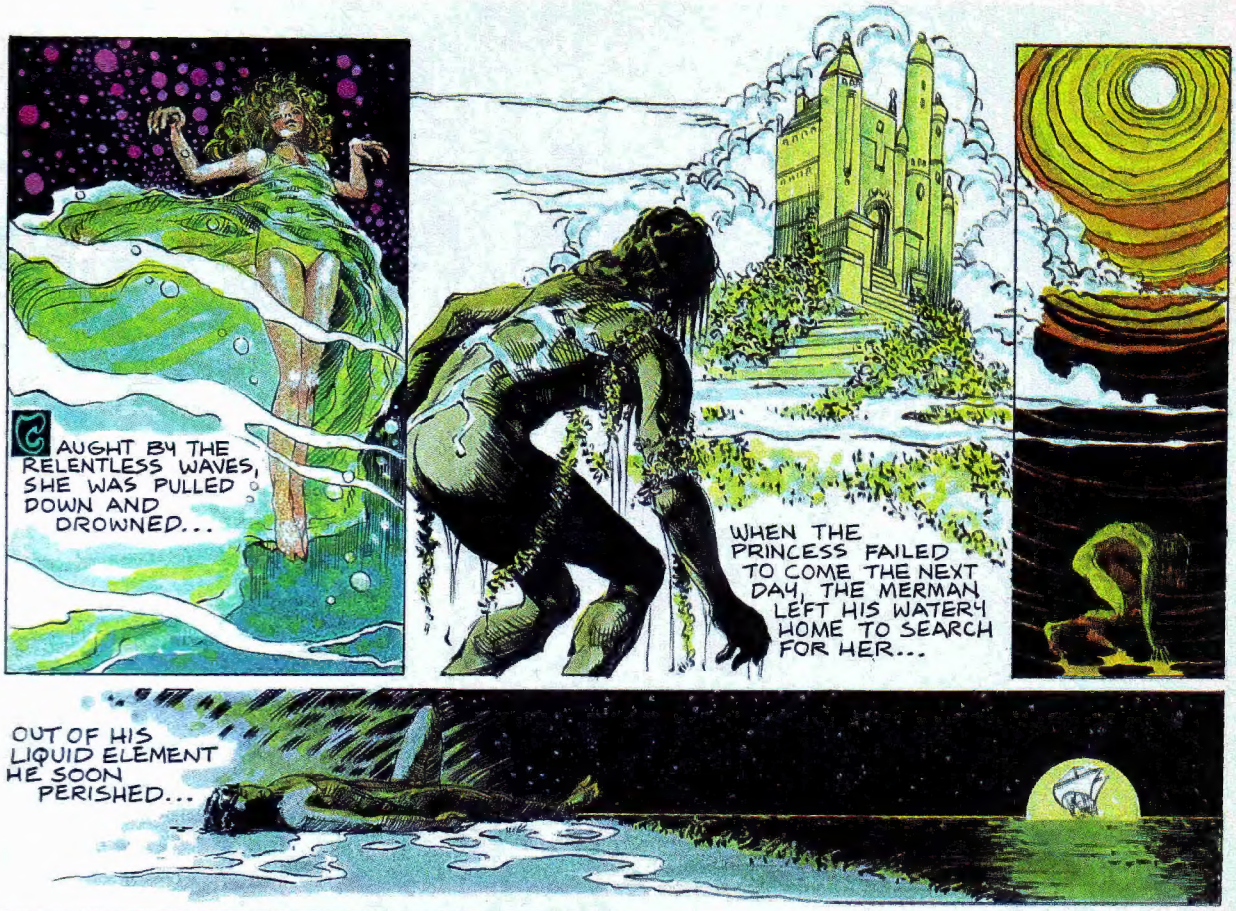

THE PRINCESS AND THE MERMAN
THERE WAS ONCE AN ISLAND INHABITED BY A BEAUTIFUL BUT VERY LONELY YOUNG PRINCESS... FOR THOUGH SHE POSSESSED EVERY MATERIAL LUXURY... THERE EXISTED NOT ANOTHER LIVING SOUL ON THE ISLAND WITH WHICH TO SHARE IT...
BRUCE JONES ©1985
SO SACRED TO HER WAS THE LITTLE ISLAND THAT SHE ALLOWED NO SHIPS TO MAKE PORT THERE—YET SHE AT ONCE LONGED DESPERATELY FOR THE COMPANIONSHIP OF ANOTHER...


EACH DAY SHE WOULD VENTURE DOWN TO A QUIET INLET AND WATCH HER PENSIVE REFLECTION STARE BACK AT HER WITH WISTFUL EYES...
UNTIL ONE BRIGHT DAY SHE DISCOVERED ANOTHER FACE IN THE QUIET WATER!
...AND EACH NIGHT SHE WOULD TOSS IN TROUBLED SLUMBER, DREAMING OF THE ONE WHO WOULD FREE HER FROM HER SELF-IMPOSED PRISON.


IT WAS THE MERMAN WHO DWELT IN THE AZURE DEPTHS SURROUNDING THE CASTLE. ONE LOOK AT HIM AND THE PRINCESS WAS INSTANTLY IN LOVE...

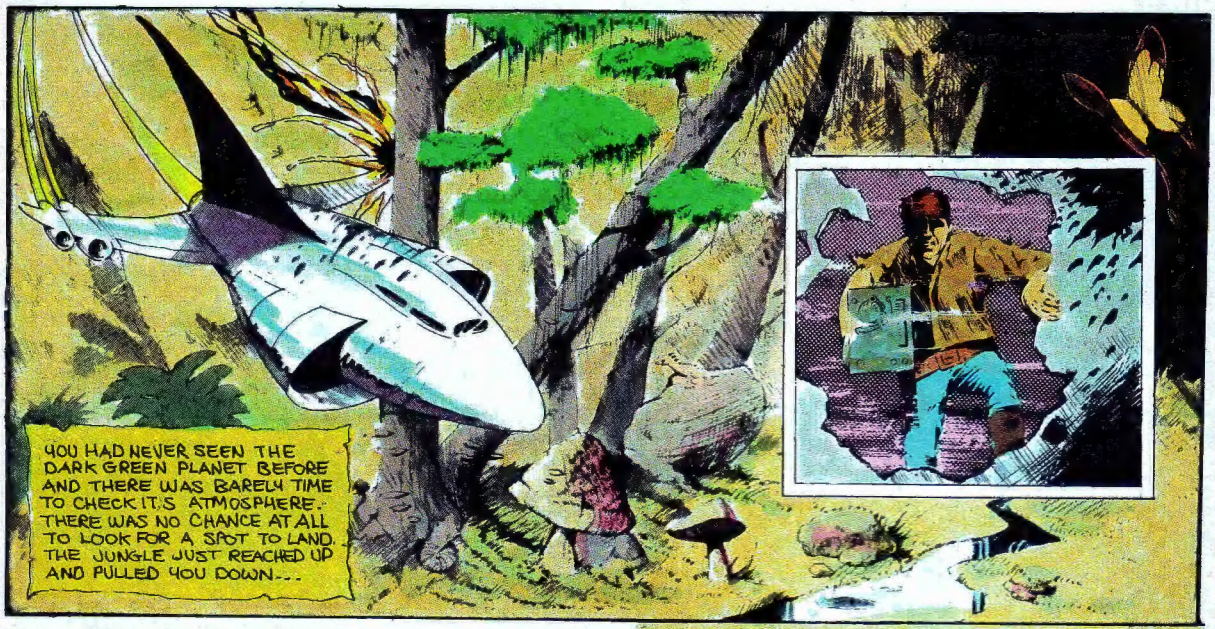

GLADLY NOW WOULD THE PRINCESS HAVE ALLOWED SOMEONE TO INVADE HER ISLAND, BUT THE MERMAN WAS BOUND TO THE SEA... AND SHE HAD NEVER MASTERED THE ART OF SWIMMING...
AGAIN HER NIGHTS WERE FILLED WITH RESTLESS SLEEP... LONGING TO BE WITHIN THE ARMS OF THE HANDSOME YOUTH... UNTIL ONE STORMY EVENING SHE COULD STAND IT NO LONGER!
SHE CREPT DOWN TO THE POUNDING SHORELINE TO SEEK HIM OUT...


CAUGHT BY THE RELENTLESS WAVES, SHE WAS PULLED DOWN AND DROWNED...
WHEN THE PRINCESS FAILED TO COME THE NEXT DAY, THE MERMAN LEFT HIS WATERY HOME TO SEARCH FOR HER...
OUT OF HIS LIQUID ELEMENT HE SOON PERISHED...

THAT EVENING THE TIDE FOUND THE MERMAN'S SILENT FORM AND LIFTED IT GENTLY BACK TO SEA...

KING NEPTUNE SAW THE PITEOUS BODIES—WRAPPED THEM TOGETHER IN SEAWEED, AND SENT THEM CIRCLING THE SEVEN SEAS FOR ALL ETERNITY.

POINT of VIEW
IT WAS A TYPICAL FLIGHT. YOU'D MADE A THOUSAND OF THEM, WITH ANY LUCK YOU'D MAKE A THOUSAND MORE BEFORE YOU TURNED FIFTY AND THE UFP TOOK AWAY YOUR LICENSE. YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY BACK TO EARTH AFTER TWO DAYS OF LECTURES AND DINNERS AT A BUSINESS CONVENTION ON ALPHA 6. YOU WERE TIRED. BEAT. YOU WANTED TO BE HOME WITH YOUR SHOES KICKED OFF, A DRINK IN YOUR HAND AND TERRI IN YOUR LAP.. YOU GOT YOURSELF MAROONED INSTEAD.
1969
©1985
JUST FOUR LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME YOUR LEFT FIN THRUSTER BEGAN STREAMING BLACK SMOKE AND PHOSPHORDUS. YOU KNEW THE SIGNS. IT MEANT YOU HAD LESS THAN FORTY MINUTES TO LAND AND GET CLEAR OF THE SHIP.


YOU HAD NEVER SEEN THE DARK GREEN PLANET BEFORE AND THERE WAS BARELY TIME TO CHECK IT'S ATMOSPHERE. THERE WAS NO CHANCE AT ALL TO LOOK FOR A SPOT TO LAND. THE JUNGLE JUST REACHED UP AND PULLED YOU DOWN...

THE SHIP STRUCK AND BOUNCED, SKIPPED AND BOUNCED AGAIN THEN LAY STILL AND BROKEN IN A CRADLE OF CREEPERS AND VINES. YOU GRABBED UP THE RADIO, LEAPED THROUGH A GAPING HOLE AND RAN WHILE THE SHIP TORE ITSELF APART BEHIND YOU...

YOU WERE OPTIMISTIC BACK THEN, WEREN'T YOU? YOU FIGURED IF THAT BAT-LIKE MONSTROSITY YOU'D ALMOST RUN DOWN ON THE WAY IN WAS ANY EXAMPLE OF THE GAME ON THIS PLANET, THERE WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. AFTER ALL, YOU HAD YOUR HAND BLASTER. BUT AFTER SIX HOURS IN THE SWELTERING TROPICAL SUN THE ENDLESS FOREST BORE NOTHING BUT FUNGI AND MUSHROOMS.

I'LL SET THE TRANSMITTER ON THE S.O.S. BAND... STILL, IT MIGHT BE DAYS BEFORE THEY FIND ME.

AH WELL- I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO DIG UP SOME DINNER 'TILL THEN...

EXHAUSTION AND HUNGER WERE HAVING THEIR EFFECTS ON YOU WHEN YOU STUMBLED INTO THE SMALL CLEARING AND FOUND THE FIRST OF THE THINGS. IT SAT ON ITS HAUNCHES AMID THE FOREST GLOOM MUNCHING ONE OF THE FOUL SMELLING MUSHROOMS...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD IS IT?
MORE OF THEM OVER THERE! LORD, THAT LOATHSOME FUNGUS-LIKE GROWTH ON THEIR BODIES! HOW HIDEOUS!
A HAND COVERS YOUR SHOULDER AND YOU WHIRL ABOUT TO FACE LEERING EYES AND GRINNING, DRIPPING TEETH YOUR WEAPON IS IN YOUR HAND BEFORE YOU REALIZE IT AND YOU SQUEEZE AGAIN AND AGAIN!
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU FILTHY BRUTE! OH LORD, IT WON'T FIRE! THE CRASH..!
LEMME OUTTA HERE!

SO YOU RAN - RAN AS YOU HADEN'T RUN SINCE YOU WERE A CHILD, FLEEING THE UNKNOWN TERRORS OF DARKNESS. AND WHEN THE CREATURES WERE FAR BEHIND YOU AND YOUR TORTURED LEGS REFUSED TO CARRY YOU FARTHER YOU COLLAPSED UPON THE FUNGOID EARTH AND RESIGNED YOURSELF TO YOUR FATE...

I'LL DIE ON THIS STINKING PILE OF MOLD! THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT! NOTHING BUT... BUT...

...MUSHROOMS!

WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? SAY! THIS ISN'T HALF BAD!

IN FACT (MUNCH) IT'S GREAT! REALLY (MUNCH) (MUNCH) DELICIOUS! BEST DARN STUFF I EVER (MUNCH) ATE!

AWAKENING WAS LIKE MOVING FROM DREAM TO DREAM.. FOR THERE, BATHED IN THE FIERY GLOW OF THE SETTING SUN, WERE THE TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN AND THE HANDSOME YOUNG MAN WAITING, PATIENTLY IT SEEMED, FOR YOU TO JOIN THEM..

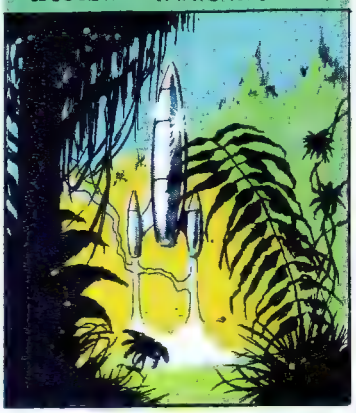
THEN, STOMACH FULL, HEAD NODDING IN THE WARM SUN, YOU FELL ACROSS THE SOFT TURF AND SLEPT THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD...

WHO..WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
OF COURSE..YOU WOULDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH. TOO BAD. 'CAUSE IF YOU DID I'D TELL YOU HOW LOVELY-- WHAT IS IT?
THIS CAN'T BE REAL. THAT CITY, THESE PEOPLE... I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND. THOSE MUSHROOMS.. I ..I'M HALLUCINATING...

THE GLEAMING SILVER SPACE CRAFT SHOT ACROSS THE ALIEN SKY ABOVE YOU, FLAME SPITTING FROM IT'S POWER THRUSTERS. YOU SHOOK YOUR HEAD IN DISBELIEF. THEY COULDN'T HAVE FOUND YOU ALREADY...

YOU SQUINTED AT THE GLISTENING ALLOY HULL AS IT FLASHED PAST, AT THE LETTERS UFP ON IT'S DECK FIN. IT HAD TO BE REAL! NO HALLUCINATION COULD BE SO PERFECT.

ACROSS THE VALLEY THE SHINING METAL GIANT THUNDERED TO A LANDING. THREE MEN DROPPED TO THE TANGLE OF DENSE FOLIAGE. ECSTATIC, YOU RACED TO MEET THEM, PRAYING THEY WOULDN'T VANISH...

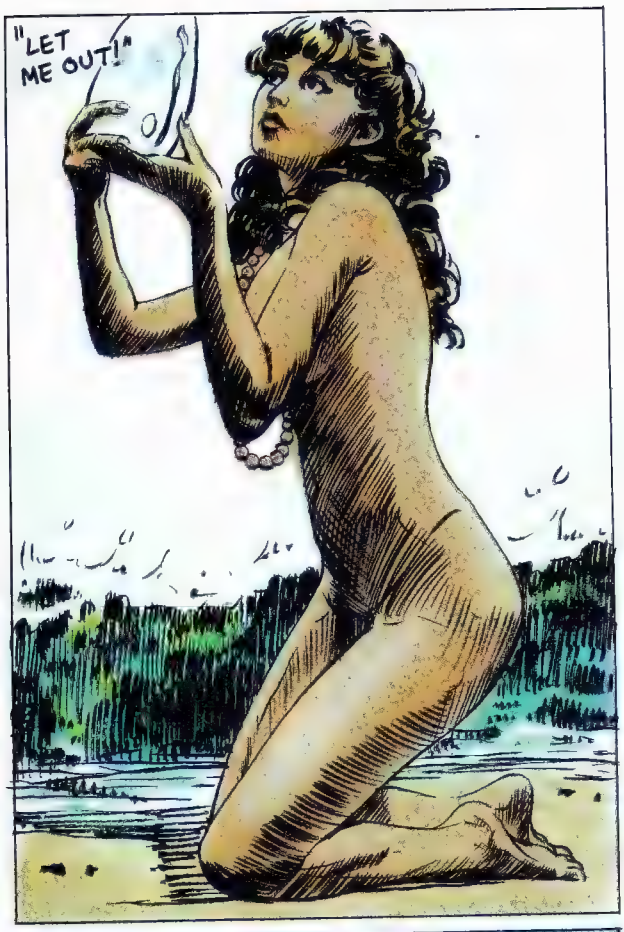


YOU BURST THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH UPON YOUR UNSUSPECTING RESCUERS. YOU WATCHED THEIR FACES TURN FROM SURPRISE, TO SHOCK, TO HORROR...

AND AS THE THICK GRASS RUSHED UP TO MEET YOU AND YOU LAY SPRAWLING BENEATH THE THREE MEN, YOUR LIFE EBBING ... YOU HEAR THEIR VOICES DISTANTLY..

UGLY BRUTE! THAT FUNGUS-LIKE FUR.. HOW HIDEOUS! WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU SUPPOSE IT IS?
C'MON, LET'S GET MOVING. WE'VE STILL GOT TO FIND THAT MAROONED PILOT...
WHO KNOWS? SOME SORT OF ALIEN LIFE FORM PROBABLY...

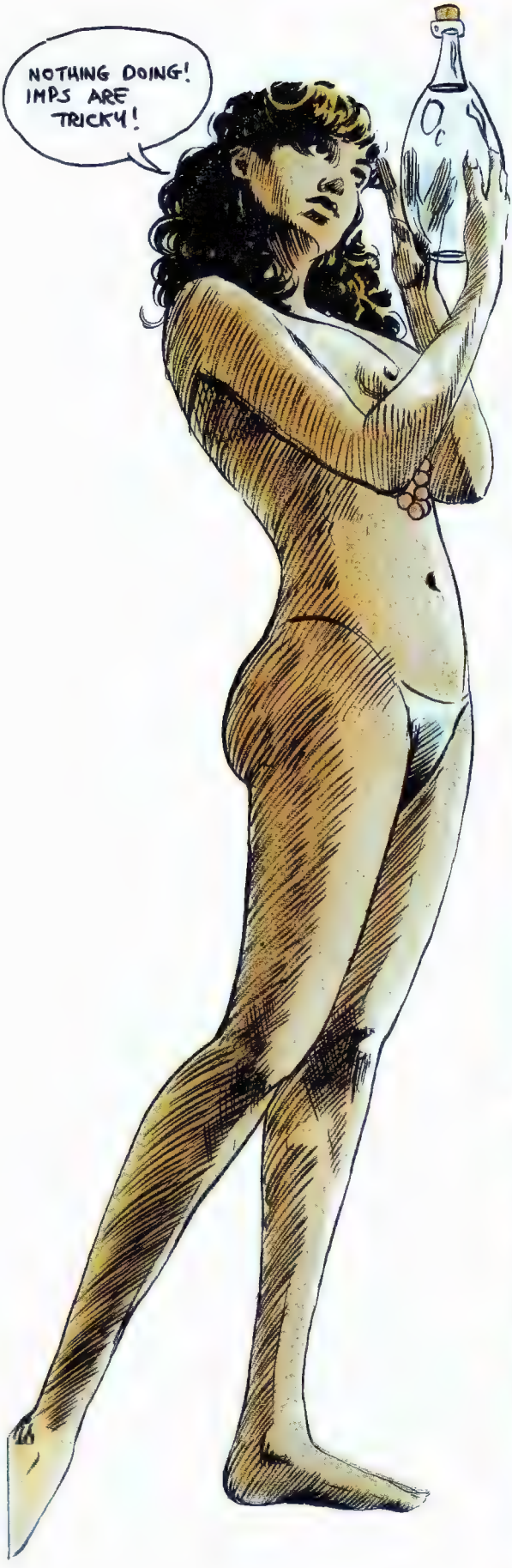
STOPPED
WHAT'S THIS?
A BOTTLE! IT'S BEAUTIFUL...
BRUCE JONES ©1985


"LET ME OUT!"

"IN THE BOTTLE!"
WHAT... WHERE ARE YOU?

I DON'T SEE...

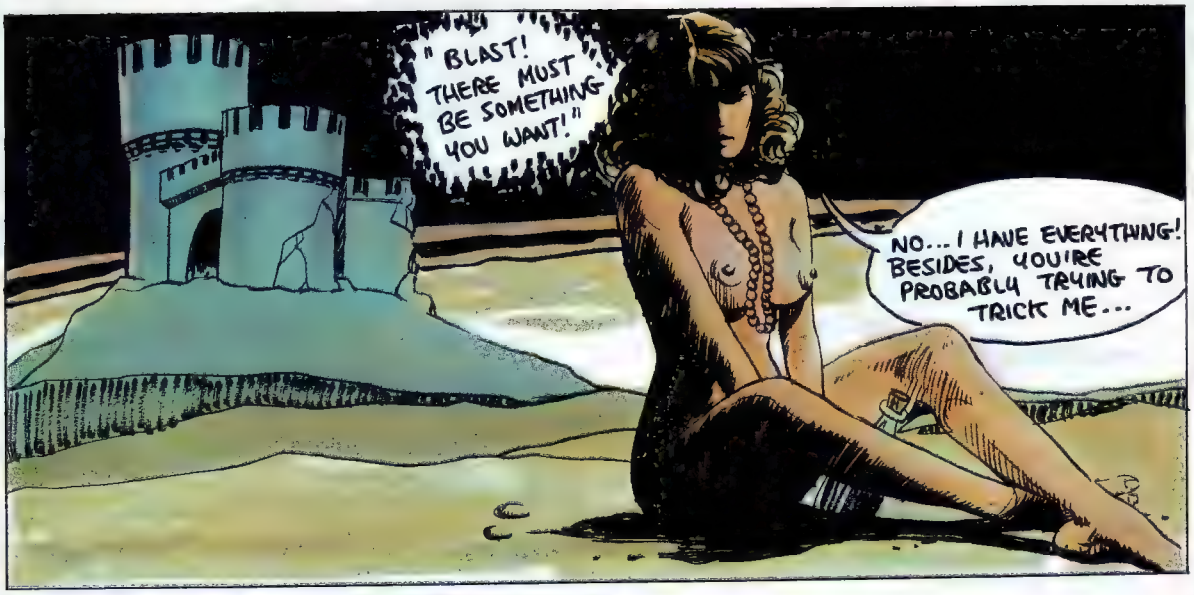
"YOU CAN'T SEE! I'M INVISIBLE! AN INVISIBLE BOTTLE IMP! LET ME OUT!"


NOTHING DOING! IMPS ARE TRICKY!

"I'LL GRANT YOUR EVERY WISH!"
"I'LL MAKE YOU RICH... FAMOUS! JUST LET ME OUT!"

BUT I HAVE MONEY AND I DON'T WANT FAME...
"I'LL GIVE YOU ETERNAL LIFE! I'LL MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL!"

WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOR EVER? AND IT HAPPENS I'M ALREADY BEAUTIFUL!

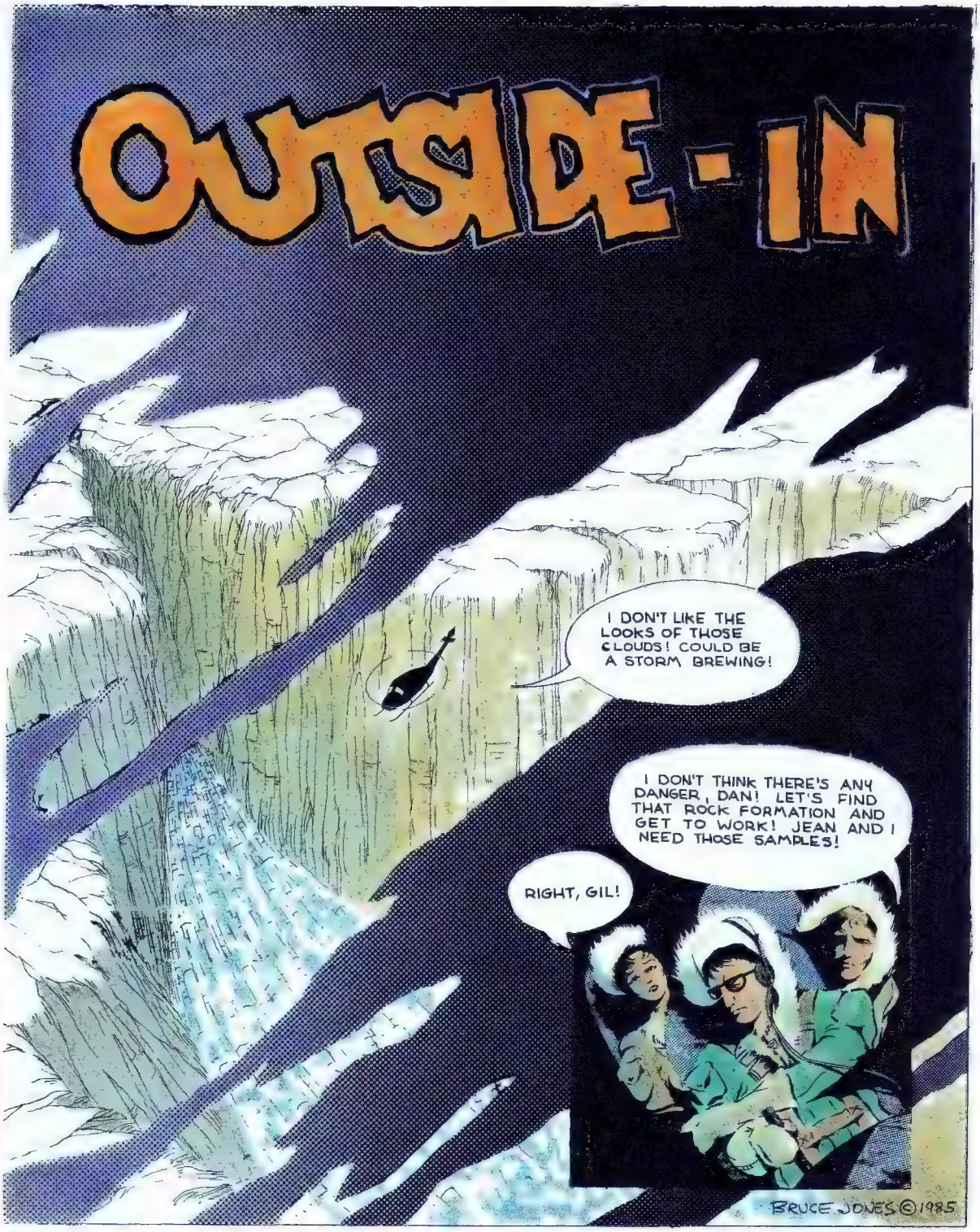

"BLAST! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU WANT!"
NO... I HAVE EVERYTHING! BESIDES, YOU'RE PROBABLY TRYING TO TRICK ME...

... IMPS ARE TRICKY!
"NO! YOU MUST TRUST ME! I'LL REWARD YOU WITH ETERNAL HAPPINESS!"

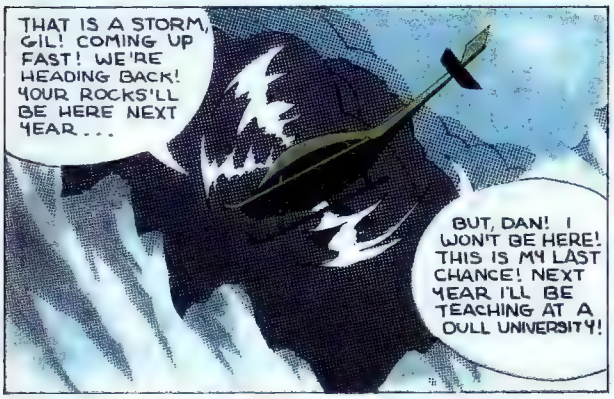
OH, VERY WELL... THERE IS ONE THING I'D LIKE!

HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
VOOSH!

"LITTLE FOOL! DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD TRUST AN IMP?"
"I HAVE TRICKED YOU! YOUR REWARD SHALL BE DEATH!"
NATURALLY! THE ONLY THING A PERSON WHO HAS EVERY THING COULD WANT!
I'VE TRICKED YOU!
NO! NO!
EEEEEEE
EE
EE


OUTSIDE-IN
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE CLOUDS! COULD BE A STORM BREWING!
I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY DANGER, DAN! LET'S FIND THAT ROCK FORMATION AND GET TO WORK! JEAN AND I NEED THOSE SAMPLES!
RIGHT, GIL!
BRUCE JONES ©1985

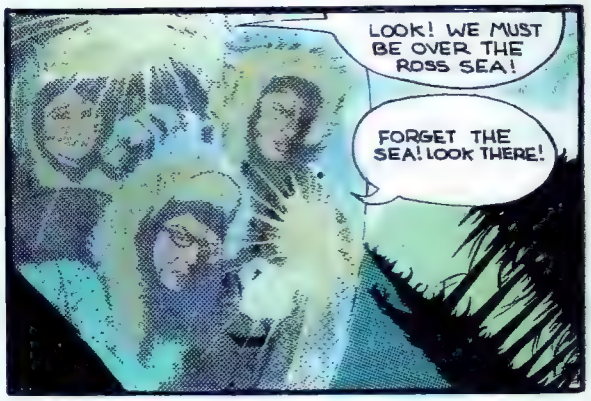
HALF AN HOUR PASSED WHILE THE COPTER FLITTED LIKE A DRAGONFLY ABOVE A VAST FROZEN POND...

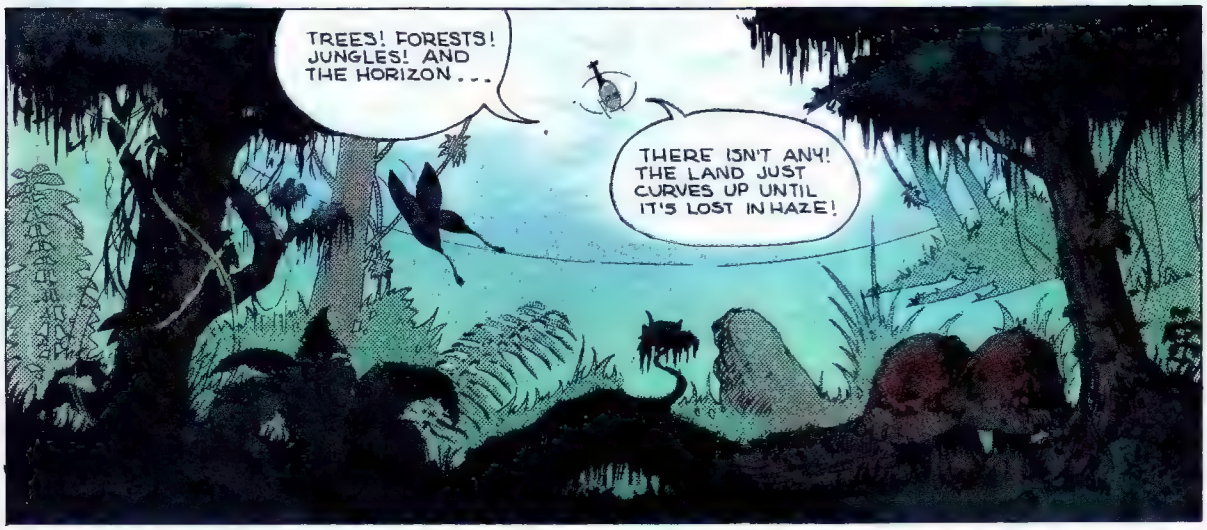

THAT IS A STORM, GIL! COMING UP FAST! WE'RE HEADING BACK! YOUR ROCKS'LL BE HERE NEXT YEAR...
BUT, DAN! I WON'T BE HERE! THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE! NEXT YEAR I'LL BE TEACHING AT A DULL UNIVERSITY!

IN SHORT MINUTES THE COPTER WAS CAUGHT BETWEEN TWIN PLANES OF TURGID WHITENESS...

VISIBILITY'S GONE! AND THE ALTIMITER'S GOING WILD! CAN'T READ OUR ALTITUDE!
THE RADIO'S BLANKETED WITH STATIC. WE'VE LOST OUR HOMING BEAM!

SEEMINGLY FOREVER THEY PLUNGED THROUGH AN ENVELOPE OF BLINDING SNOW, THEN...



THE COPTER'S ENGINE BEGAN TO COUGH AND...

OUT OF GAS! IF I CAN'T FIND A CLEARING QUICK, WE'LL COME DOWN HARD!

NOT TOO LUCKY, THE COPTER'S FINISHED!

WE'RE LUCKY! NO ONE HURT!

"SOMEHOW WE PASSED THROUGH A POLAR OPENING INTO EARTH'S HOLLOW CENTER! THERE CAN'T BE ANY OTHER EXPLANATION! AND ALL THIS TIME SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN SKEPTICAL..."

WHILE THE TINY INNER SUN FLOATED BRILLIANTLY IN THE "SKY", THEY REMOVED THE SURVIVAL EQUIPMENT FROM THE WRECK...

WE CERTAINLY WON'T NEED THESE..IT MUST BE 100° IN HERE!

BUT WE MAY NEED GUNS-AND SINCE WE DON'T HAVE ANY, THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.

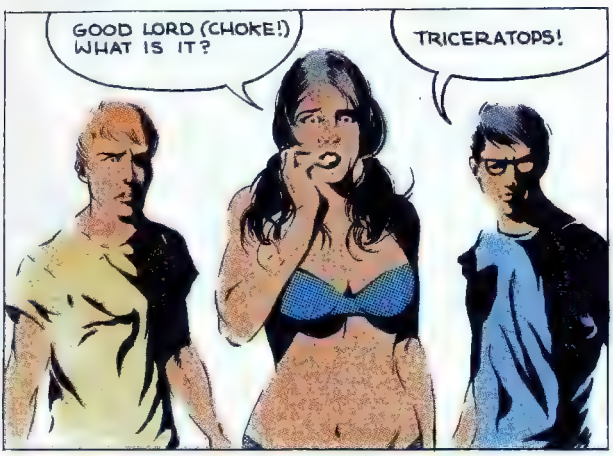
TNT

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GIL?

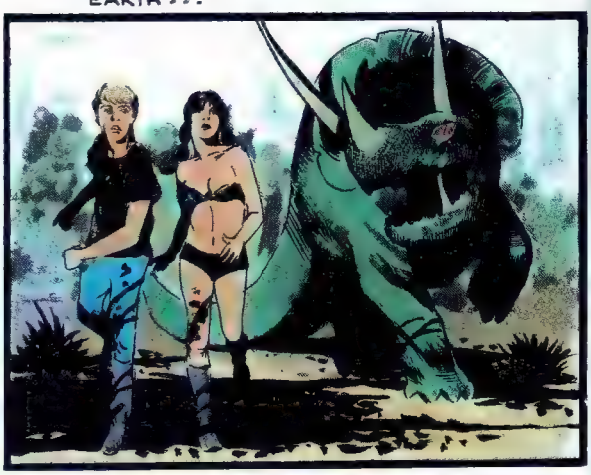
CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER! THERE'S A BARRIER OF SOME SORT... INVISIBLE, LIKE A SCREEN OF ENERGY!

THE THREE CASTAWAYS FOLLOWED THE BARRIER UNTIL...

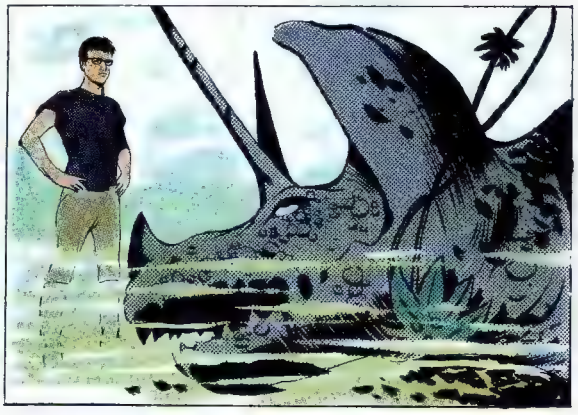
SUDDENLY A SOUND LIKE SUMMER THUNDER SMOTE THE DANK JUNGLE AIR...

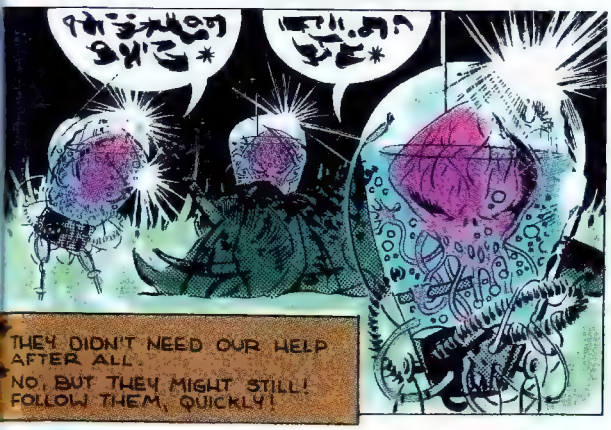


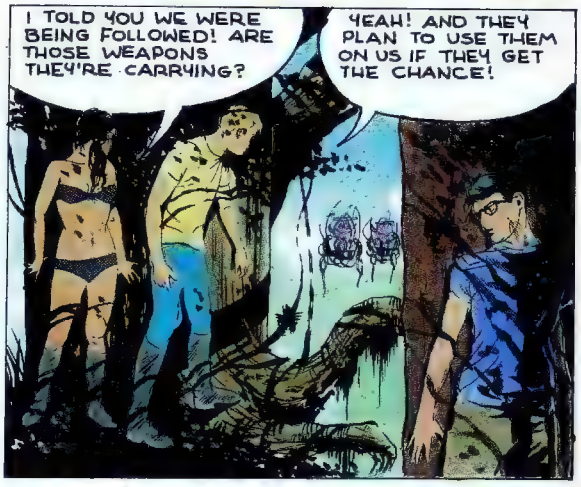

THE TOWER OF FLESH AND HORN CHARGED, SHAKING THE VERY EARTH...



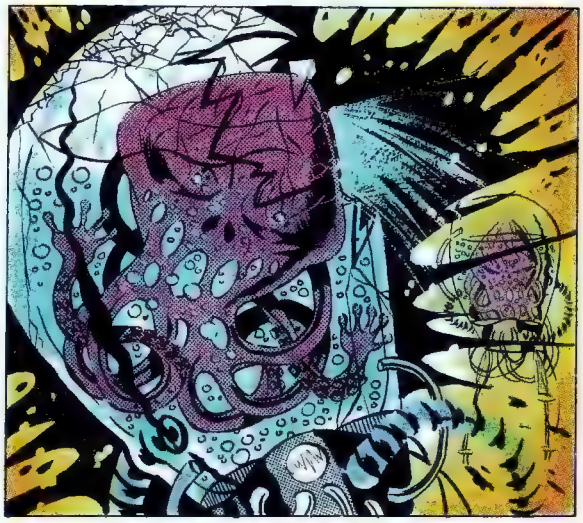
LET'S SEE HOW IT LIKES A DOSE OF T.N.T.!


WITH A FINAL AGONIZED SCREAM, THE BEHEMOTH COLLAPSED AND LAY TREMBLING IN DEATH...


NOT LONG AFTER THE SCIENTISTS DEPART, OTHER CREATURES ARRIVED TO INSPECT THE DEAD MONSTER...
THEY DIDN'T NEED OUR HELP AFTER ALL.
NO, BUT THEY MIGHT STILL! FOLLOW THEM, QUICKLY!

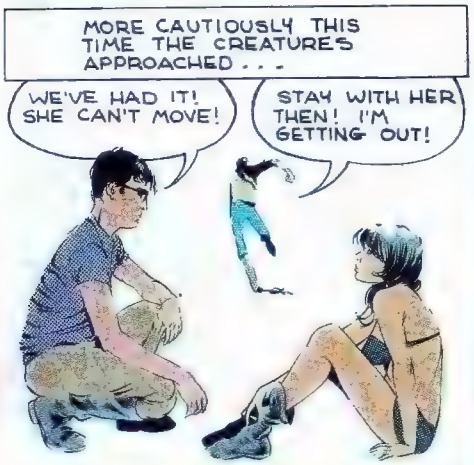

I TOLD YOU WE WERE BEING FOLLOWED! ARE THOSE WEAPONS THEY'RE CARRYING?
YEAH! AND THEY PLAN TO USE THEM ON US IF THEY GET THE CHANCE!

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A STAND!
GIL, NO!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
OH! MY LEG!

COME ON! THEY'LL OVER-TAKE US ANY SECOND!
I CAN'T! MY ANKLE..


MORE CAUTIOUSLY THIS TIME THE CREATURES APPROACHED . . .
WE'VE HAD IT! SHE CAN'T MOVE!
STAY WITH HER THEN! I'M GETTING OUT!

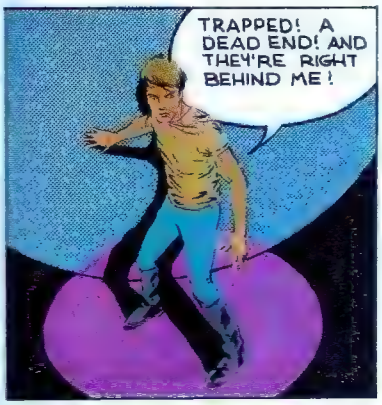
HIS SKIN CRAWLING WITH FEAR, GIL RAN FOR THE SANCTUARY OF A NEARBY ROCK FORMATION..

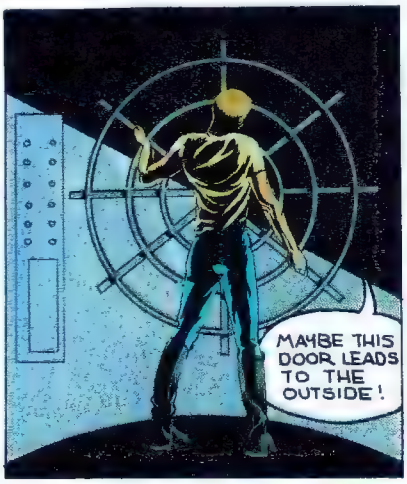
FROM BEHIND CAME A SINGLE SCREAM, THEN SILENCE ...
THEY'RE DEAD BY NOW, AND I'M NEXT... UNLESS....

WHAT'S THIS? A DOOR... IT'S OPENING!

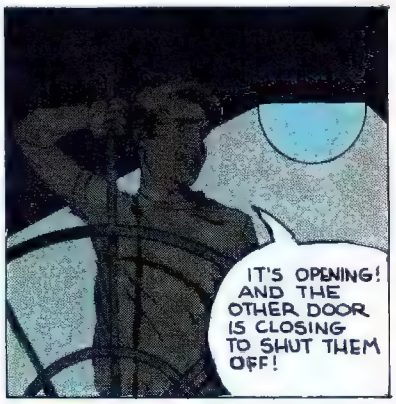
METAL CORRIDORS! AN UNDERGROUND COMPLEX!

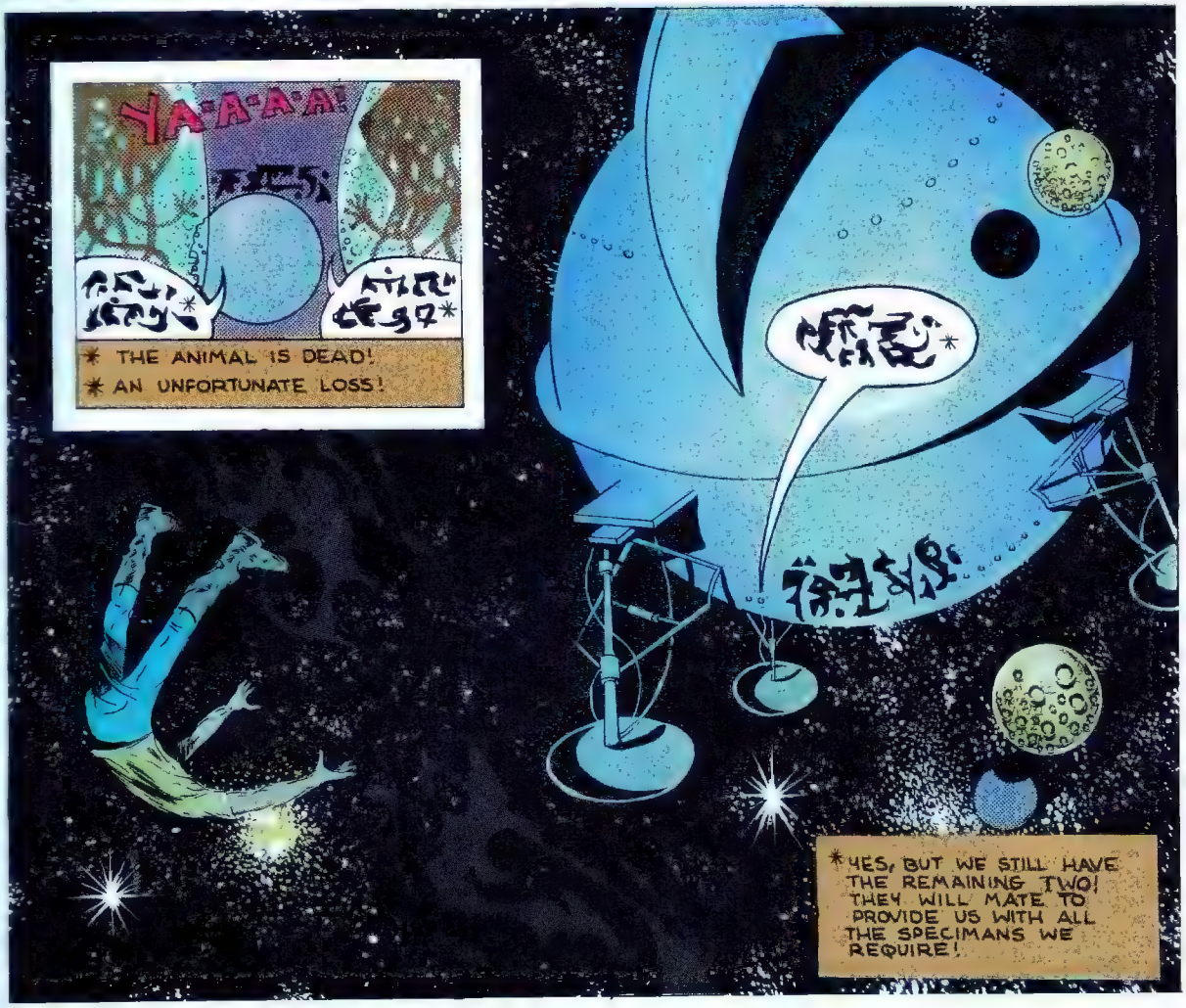
GIL FLED ALONG SEEMINGLY ENDLESS MILES OF CORRIDORS UNTIL...



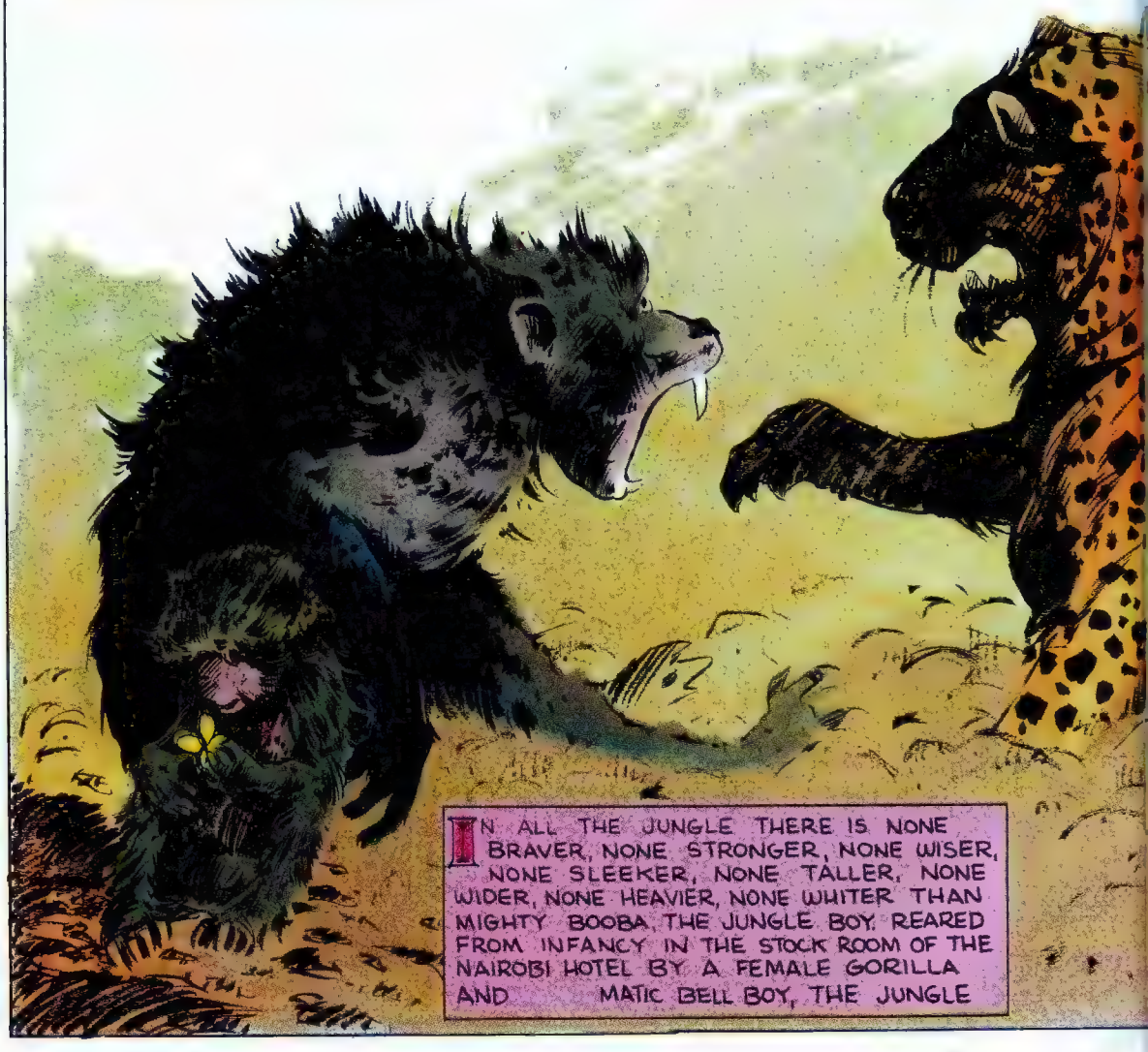

A HYDRAULIC HISSING CAME FROM DEEP WITHIN THE METAL WALLS...





YA-A-A-A!
THE ANIMAL IS DEAD!
AN UNFORTUNATE LOSS!
YES, BUT WE STILL HAVE THE REMAINING TWO! THEY WILL MATE TO PROVIDE US WITH ALL THE SPECIMANS WE REQUIRE!

# BOOBA

## THE JUNGLE BOY



IN ALL THE JUNGLE THERE IS NONE BRAVER, NONE STRONGER, NONE WISER, NONE SLEEKER, NONE TALLER, NONE WIDER, NONE HEAVIER, NONE WHITER THAN MIGHTY BOOBA, THE JUNGLE BOY, REARED FROM INFANCY IN THE STOCK ROOM OF THE NAIROBI HOTEL BY A FEMALE GORILLA AND MATIC BELL BOY, THE JUNGLE

KING HAS SINCE GROWN TO MIGHTY ADOLESCENCE DEEP IN THE TANGLED RECESSES OF THE NAIROBI Y.M.C.A. WHERE HE IS KNOWN TO HIS MIGHTY ANIMAL FRIENDS AS "NAKUBA" (ONE WHO PICKS HIS NOSE). ONE DAY WHILE RETURNING HOME FROM ONE OF HIS MIGHTY ADVENTURES...

THE KEEN EYES OF THE FOREST GOD DISCOVER SABEA THE LEOPARD ATTACKING GUNU THE BABOON... AND BOOBA ATTACKS...
...WITH SHIRLEY, THE KNIFE!

I HAVE KILLED SABEA THE LEOPARD, LITTLE ONE... I HAVE STABBED HIS THROAT AND RIPPED HIS FLANKS AND STEPPED ON HIS BALLS...

BUT NOT BEFORE HE SLAY YOUR MOTHER... I AM SORRY, LITTLE ONE...

OH, SO? YOU WOULD JOIN ME IN MY WANDERINGS? GOOD. FOR I AM LONELY TOO...

COME...WE WILL ROAM THE GREAT JUNGLE TOGETHER!
PHEW! HE SMELLS LIKE NUPO, THE FART!

I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU...

AND SO THE JUNGLE YOUTH AND THE BABY BABOON BECOME COMPANIONS!
BECAUSE BOOBA IS KIND...
BECAUSE BOOBA IS GENTLE...
BECAUSE BOOBA LOVES THE LITTLE MONKEY...
ESPECIALLY WITH MUSTARD!

BRUCE
JONES